

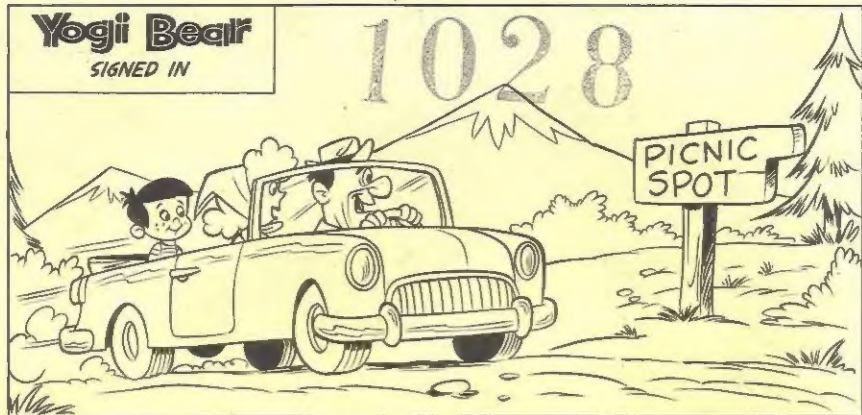
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MARCH

HANNA AND BARBERA'S

YOGI BEAR





ROTATING RANGERS



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GREETINGS! WE'RE CONDUCTING A CONTEST TO SEE WHAT TOURIST MAKES THE BEST SANDWICHES! I'M THE JUDGE!

OH, I'D LOVE TO ENTER!



UH, UH, UH, NOS!! YOU KNOW YOU SHOULDN'T DO THAT!



IT WOULD JUST MAKE ME CRY TO SEE MY LITTLE BEARS BREAKING THE RULES! YOU MUST PROMISE NOT TO TAKE THE TOURISTS' FOOD WHILE I'M HERE!

I PROMISE, MA'AM!

ME, TOO!



CHEE! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? THIS IS AWFUL!

I DON'T KNOW! WE CAN'T HURT HER FEELINGS! THAT WOULDN'T BE POLITE!



COME ON, BOYS! I WANT YOU TO GO AROUND THE WOODS AND PICK UP ALL THE LITTER!

US? BUT THE RANGER ALWAYS DID THAT!



YOU DON'T EXPECT A WOMAN TO GO AROUND AND DO THAT HARD, MESSY JOB, DO YOU?

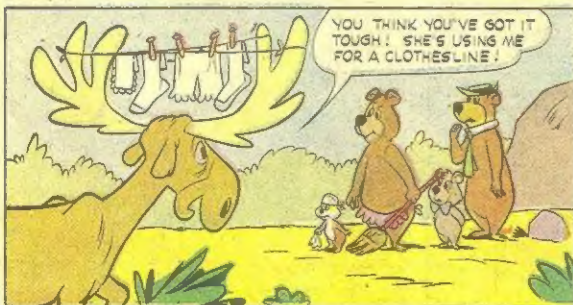
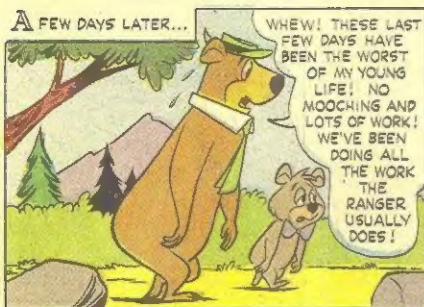
I GUESS NOT!



COME ALONG, THEN!

(SIGH!) I'VE GOT A FEELING HAVING A FEMALE RANGER AROUND ISN'T GOING TO BE A SNAP, CHAP!

A FEW DAYS LATER...



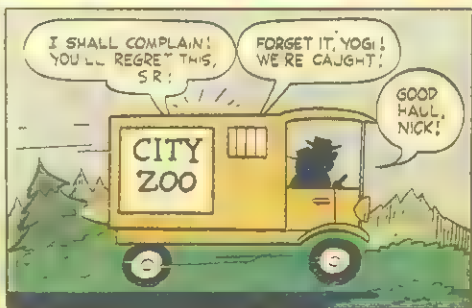
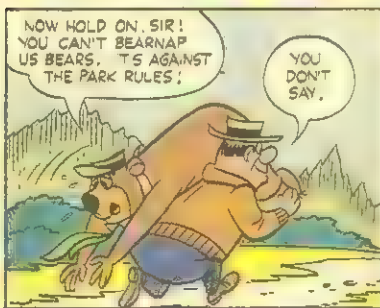
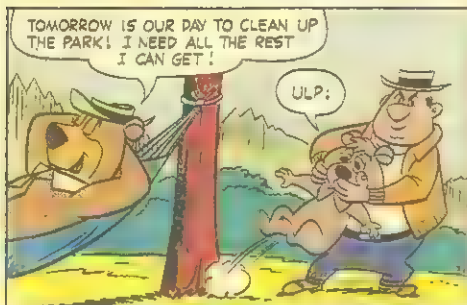
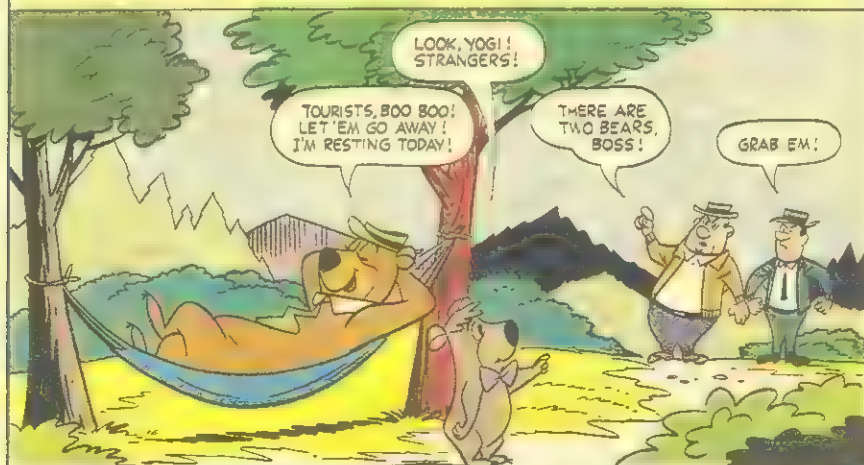


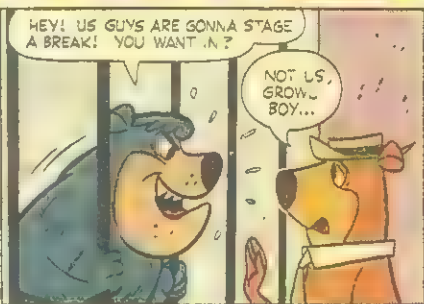
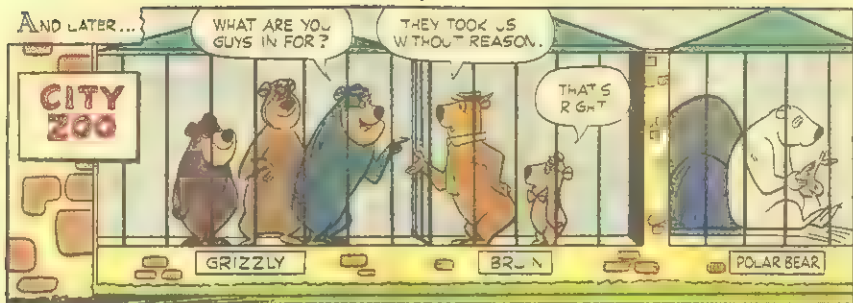


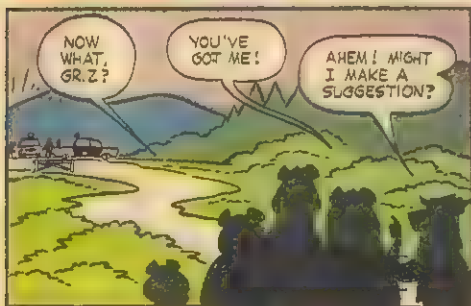
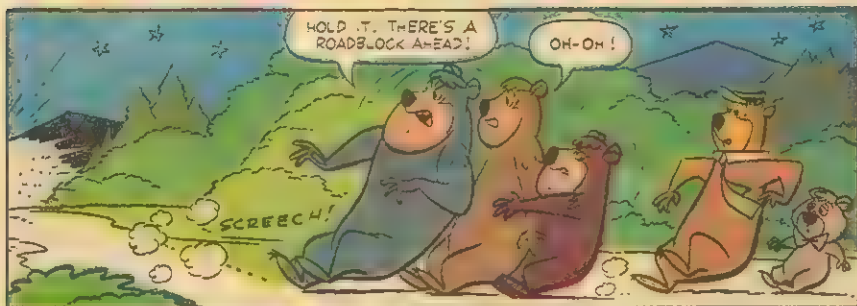
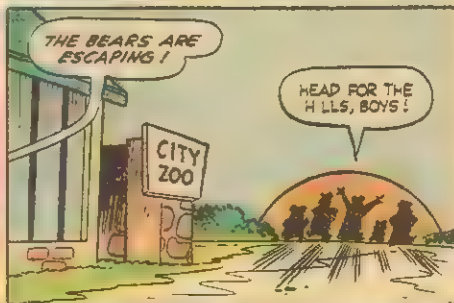
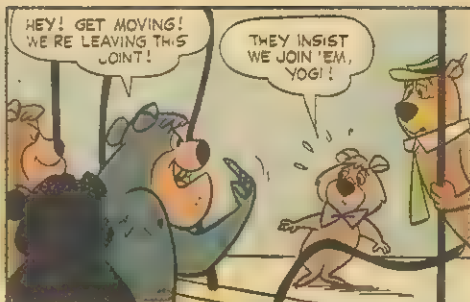
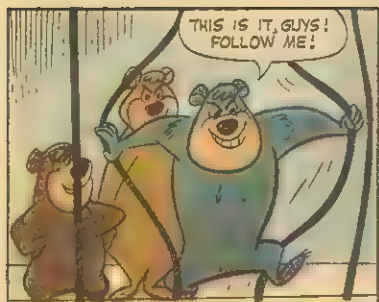


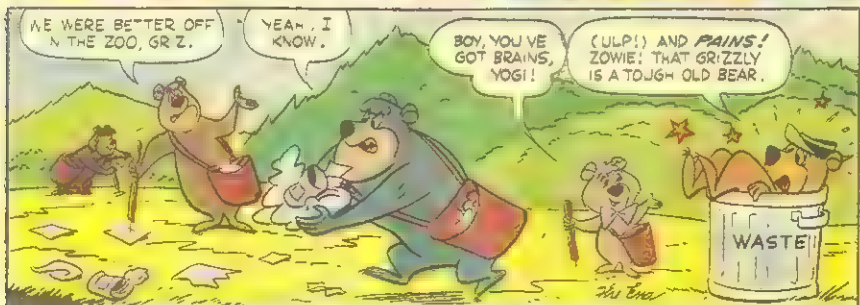
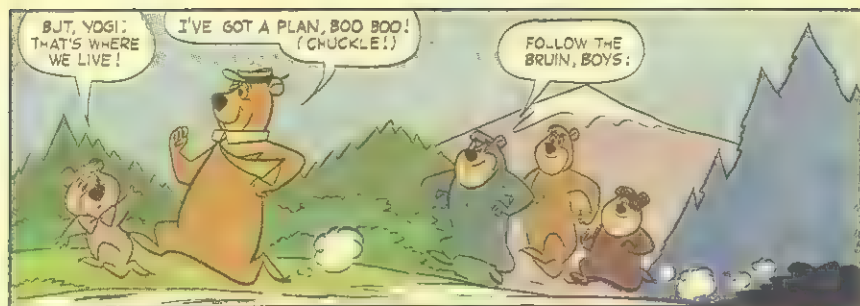
Yogi
Bear

The BEAR BREAK

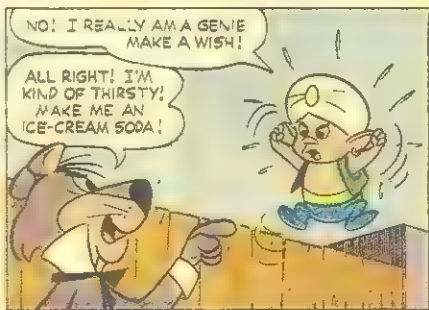
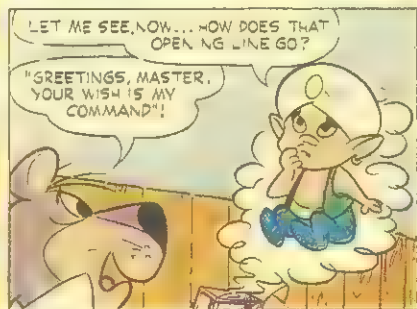


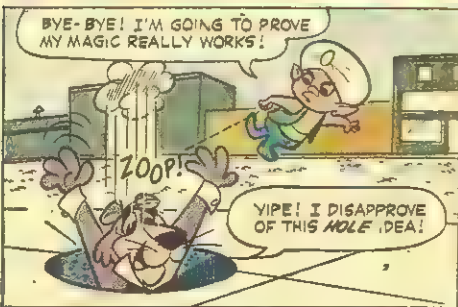
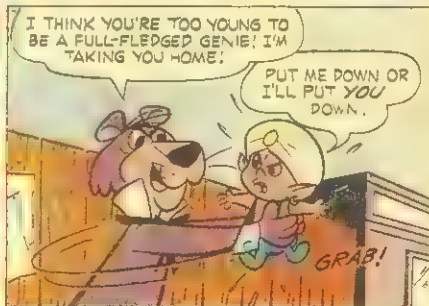
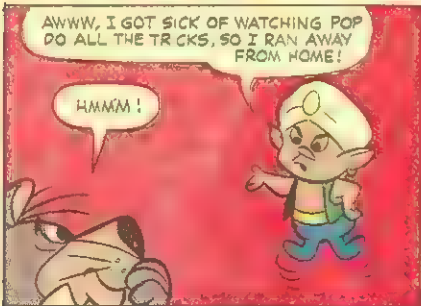
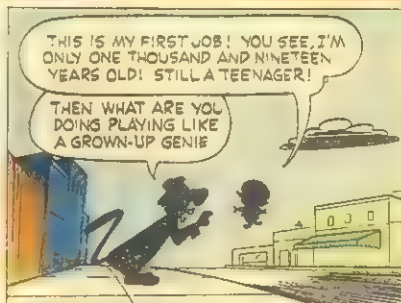
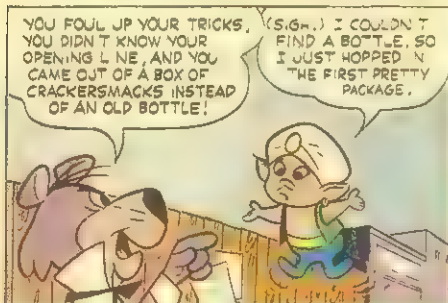
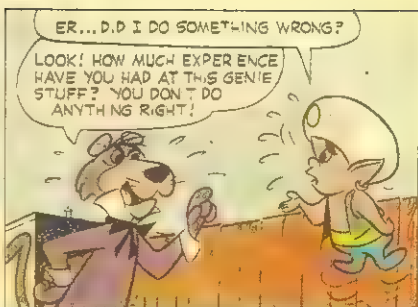
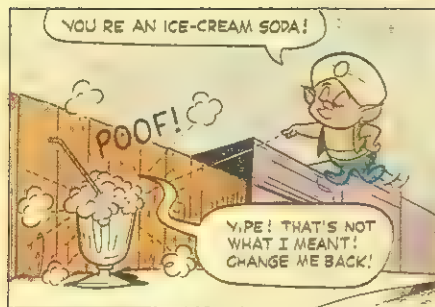


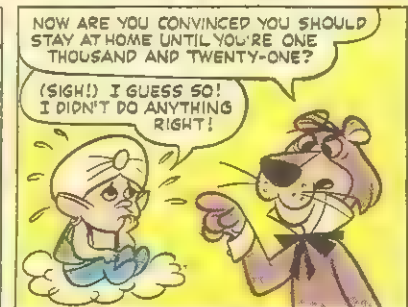
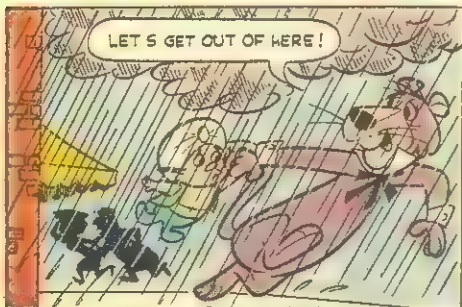
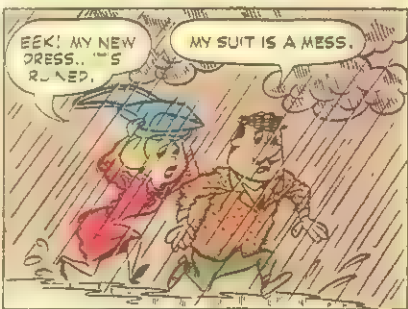
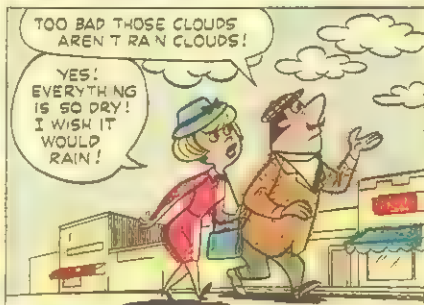
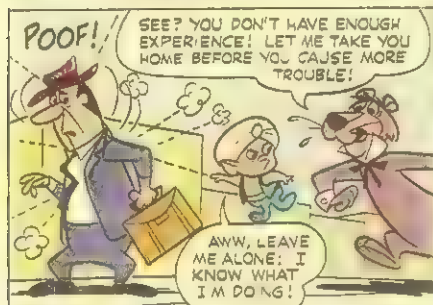
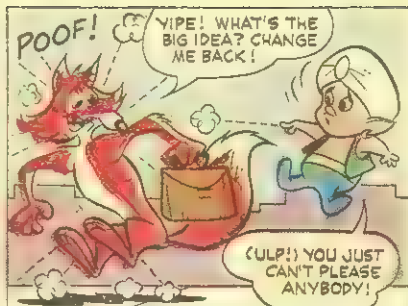
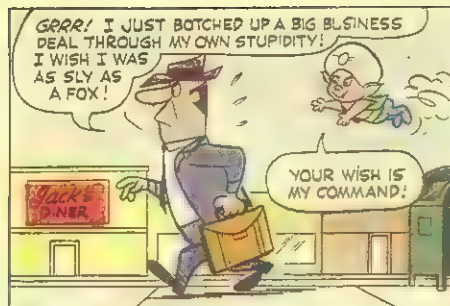


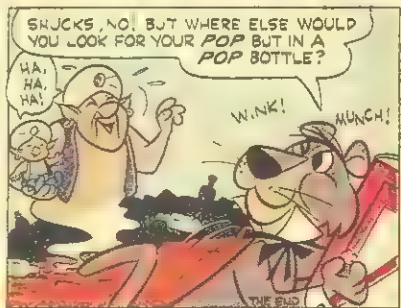
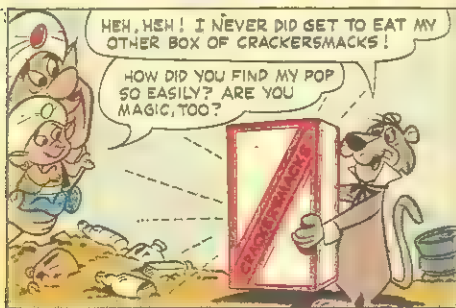
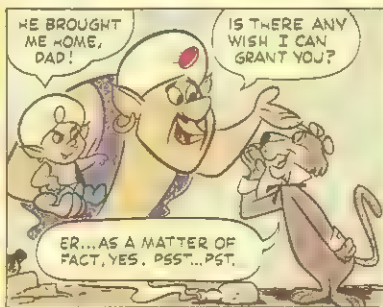
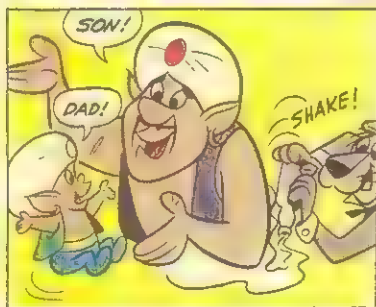
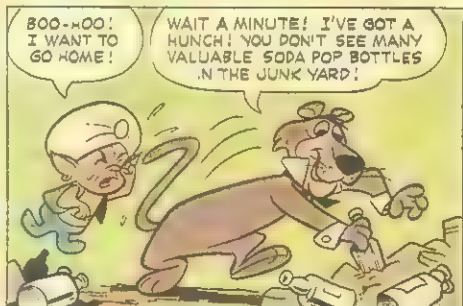
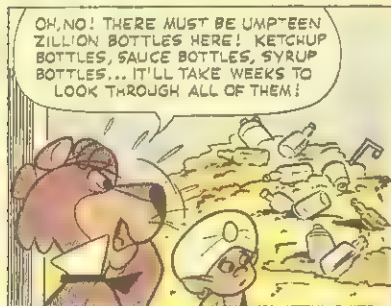
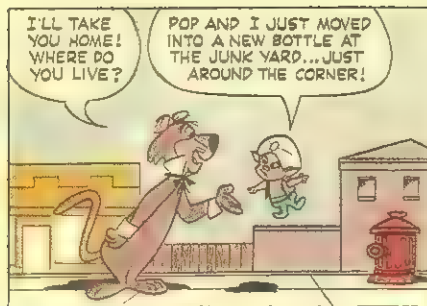


SNAGGLEPUSS JUNIOR GENIE









The **TURTLE** **SOUP** **BLOOP**



T. Tankhead Turtle was sitting happily under a large elm tree near his home when suddenly a rope dropped around him from above. It was promptly jerked taut.

"Aha, got'cha," said a gruff voice.

"Yeah, we got him," cried an even gruffer voice.

And from out of the elm tree dropped a pair of scoundrels whom T. Tankhead recognized as Billy and Bobby Bobcat, two of the meanest critters in the forest... next to their brother Buster, that is.

T. Tankhead struggled, but the rope held him fast.

"What do you fellows want?" he spluttered. "I demand to know the meaning of this outrage."

"Har, har! He demands," laughed Bobby Bobcat rudely. "Why, it's simple. We're hungry, and our brother Buster is, too. He told us to catch you, and then we'd soon have the best soup we ever tasted. It looks like it's the pot for you, Turtle."

"Ho, ho," laughed T. Tankhead. "Buster would never do that to me, even if he is supposed to be the meanest bobcat in the forest. We're friends."

"Friends? Heh, heh. I'll just bet," said Billy Bobcat.

"We were in the forest fire-watching service together one summer," explained T. Tankhead Turtle. "Many's the time we tramped through the forest for days on end without ever seeing a soul. Old Buster would never make turtle soup of me. We'll get this straightened out if you just take me to him."

"No need to do that," chuckled Bobby Bobcat, rubbing his hands together in anticipation. "He's on his way here now, and

we'll soon have a steaming pot of turtle soup."

"Shhh! Quiet. Someone's coming," whispered Billy.

And sure enough, T. Tankhead could just make out the form of Buster Bobcat heading toward them through the underbrush.

"Howdy there, old pal," hollered T. Tankhead Turtle.

"Hi, Tank," said Buster Bobcat, running up to where T. Tankhead was tied.

"Hey, you guys," he said, addressing his brothers. "What's the big idea of the rope?"

"Well, you said to catch him," said the brothers.

"But not like this, you dumb oafs," growled Buster.

And with that, he began to loosen the rope that bound his friend. When he had finished, he apologized to T. Tankhead.

"Sorry about this, old pal," he said.

"Oh, that's okay," said T. Tankhead. "But for a second there, they about had me believing that I was in the soup."

"Ho, ho, ho! That's a good one. If I put you in the soup, how do you think I would ever get you to make any of that good forester's soup you used to cook up when we were out on fire patrol?"

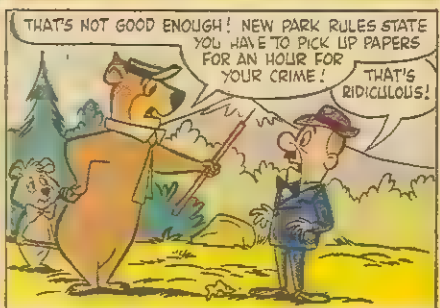
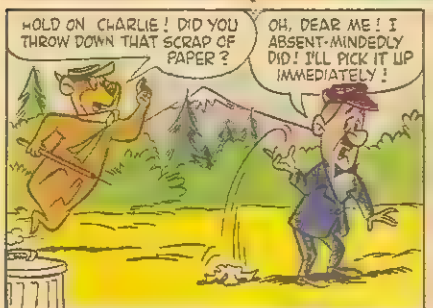
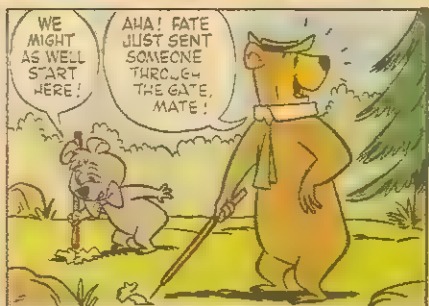
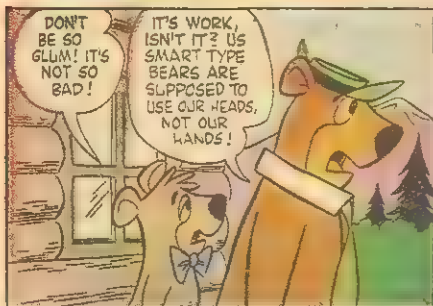
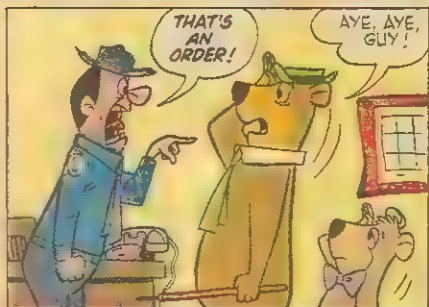
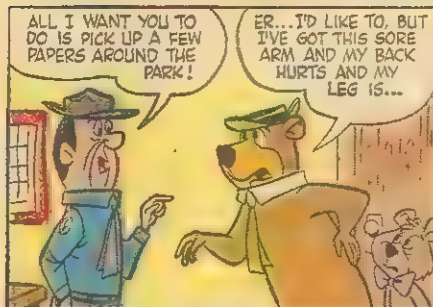
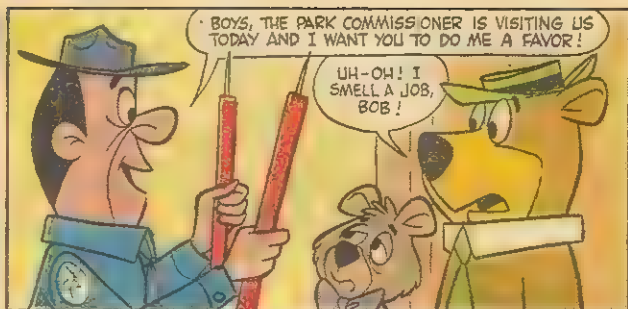
"So that's it," laughed T. Tankhead.

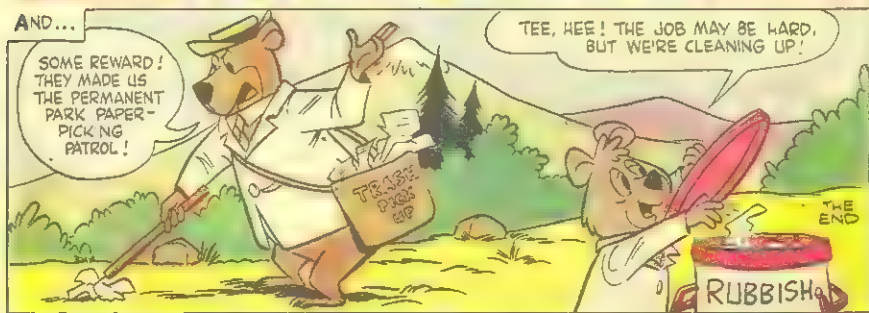
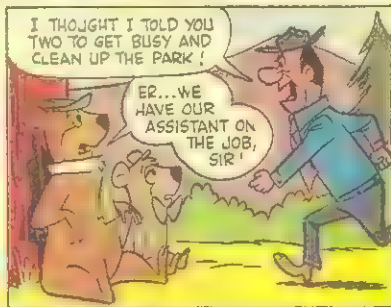
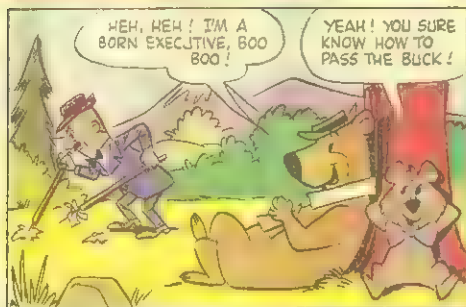
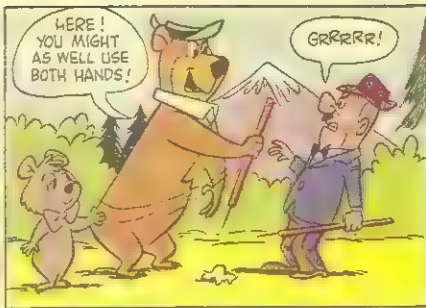
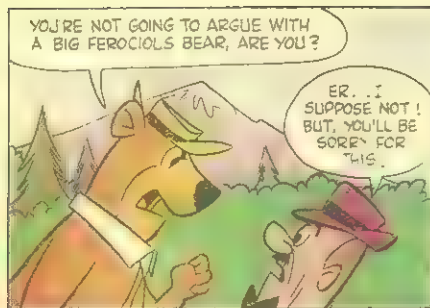
"Sure. The boys and I got hungry, and I told them that if they could catch you at home, we'd have some really good soup."

Later, as they all sat around a cheery fire, eating their forester's soup, T. Tankhead chuckled. "I'm relieved to find out that you fellows ended up with your soup made by a turtle instead of with a turtle!"

Yogi Bear

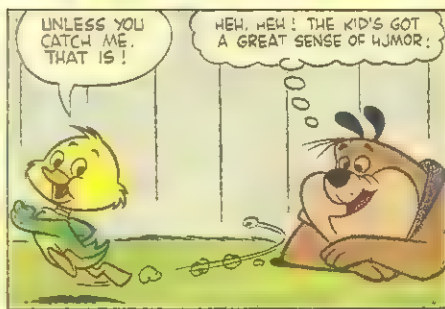
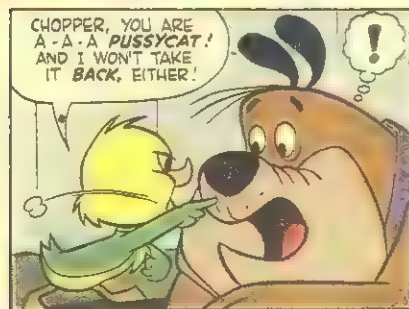
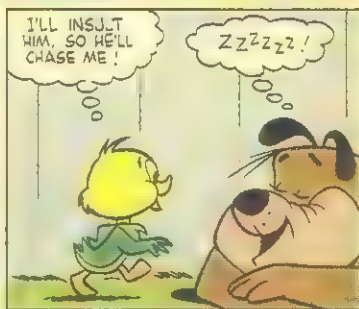
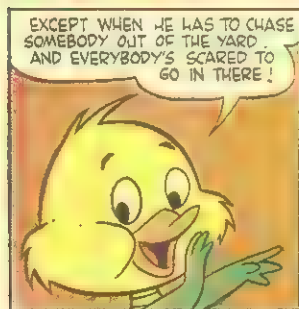
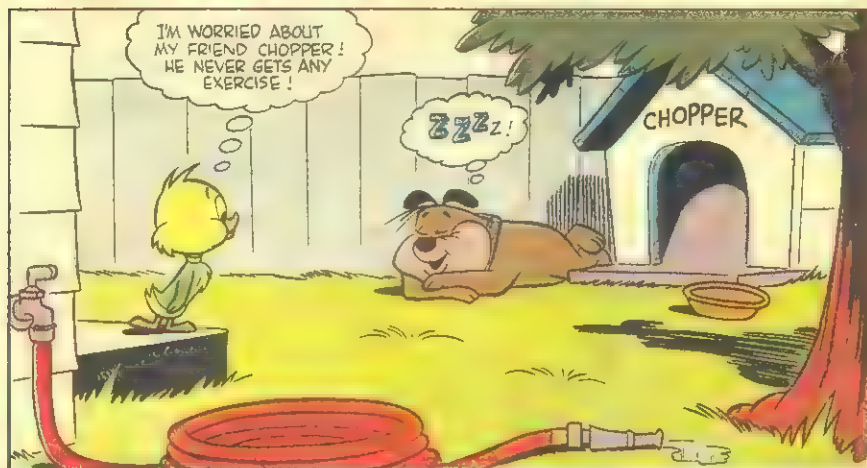
GETTING THE POINT

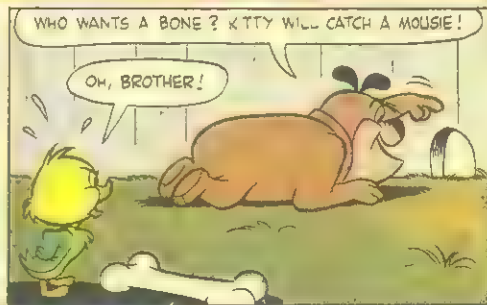
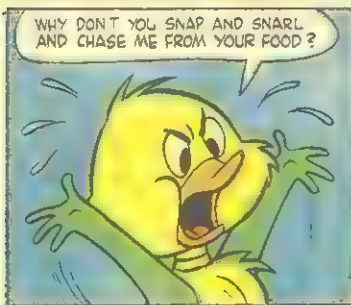
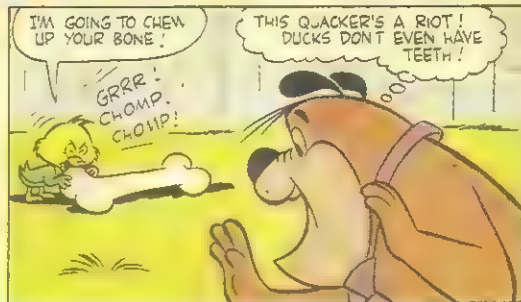
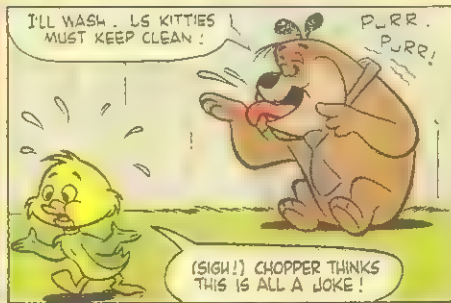
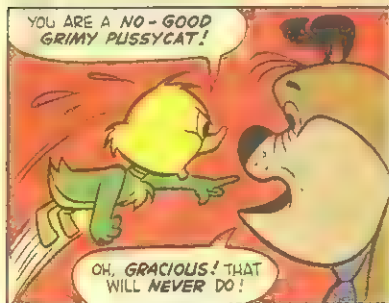
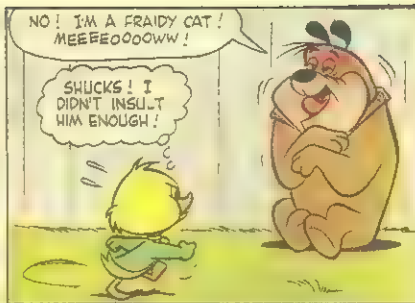
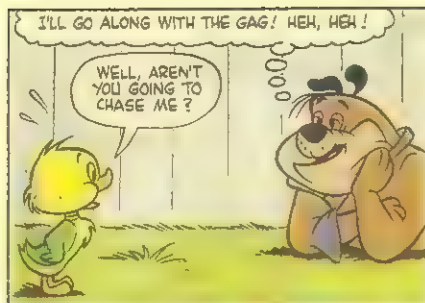


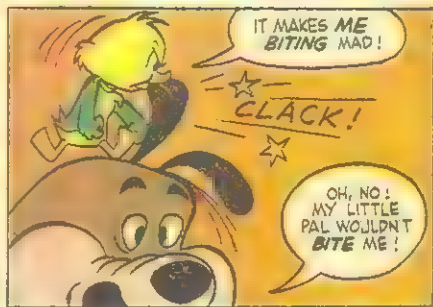
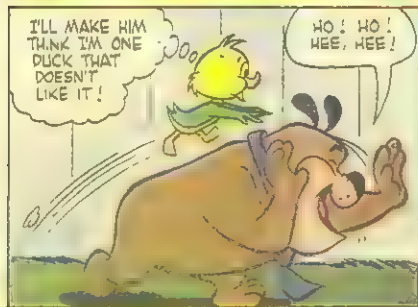
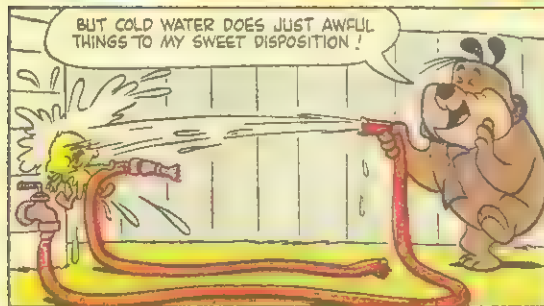
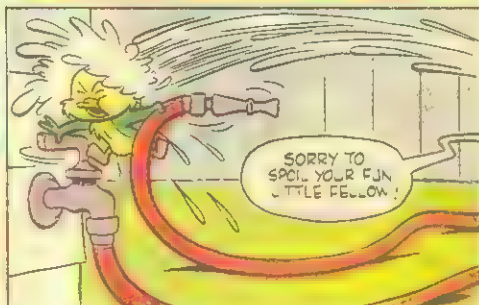
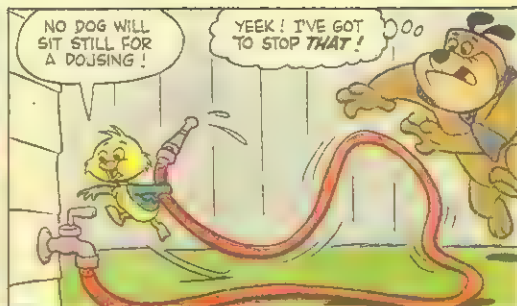


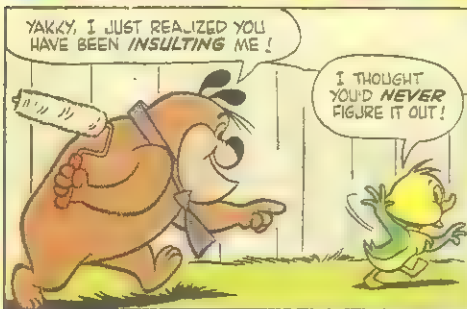
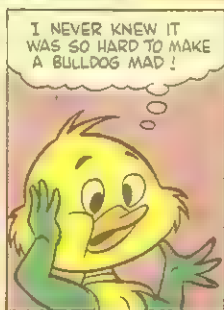
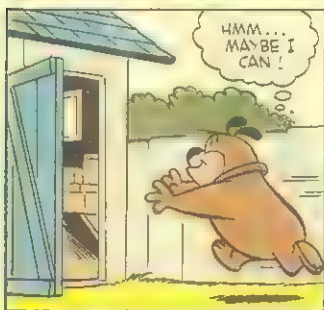
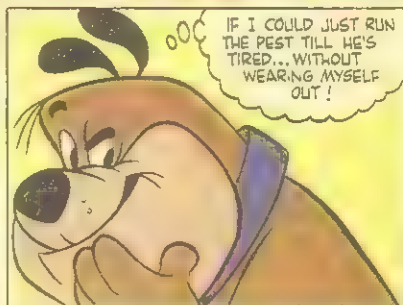
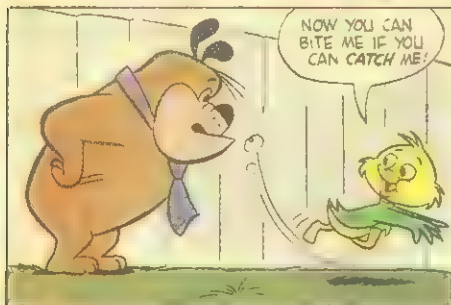
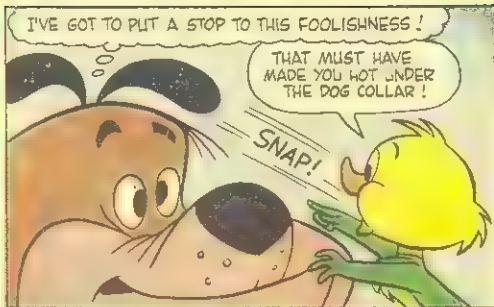
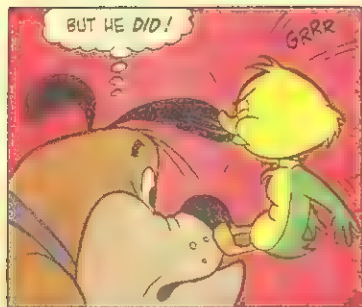
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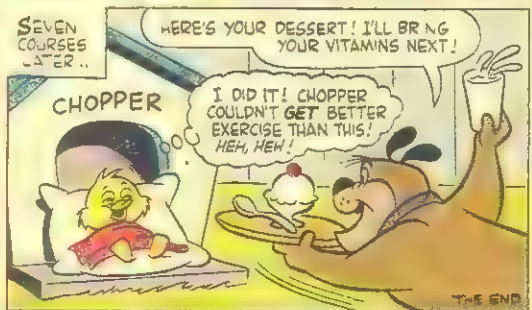
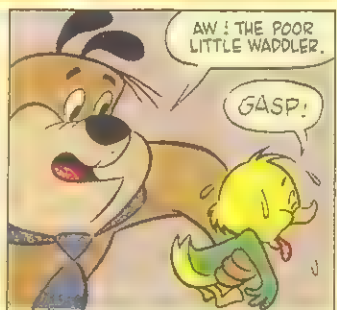
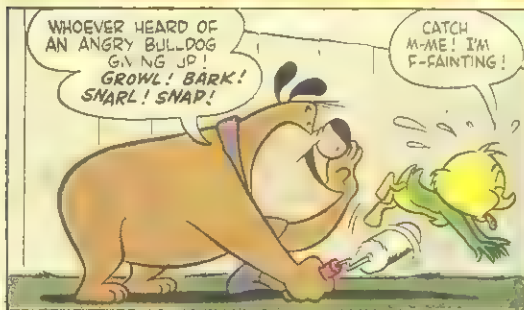
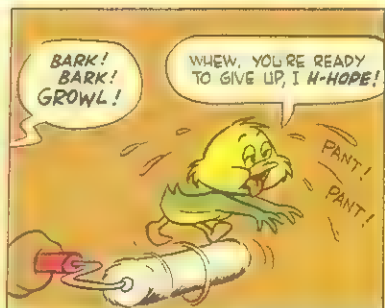
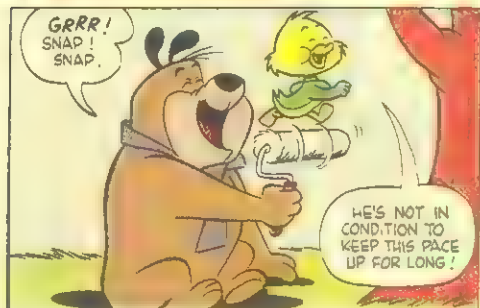
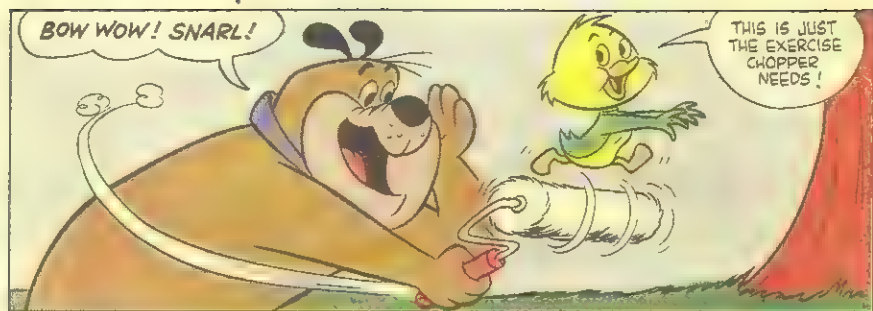
BEWARE OF THE DUCK











THE END

Yogi Bear

The Music Maker

(ULP!) HERE COMES THE RANGER, YOGI! HE'S PROBABLY MAD BECAUSE WE MOOCHED THESE SANDWICHES OFF A TOURIST!

Y PE: HE'S GOT A VOLUN CASE!

HEY! MAYBE HE'S NOT MAD AND HE WANTS TO SERENADE US!

SHOOT US, YOU MEAN! YOU'VE SEEN ENOUGH MOVIES TO KNOW THEY NEVER CARRY VIOLINS IN THOSE CASES!

IT'S ALWAYS A GUN.

GEE, YOU THINK HE'S THAT MAD ABOUT A COUPLE OF SANDWICHES? WE'D DON'T EVEN HAVE LETTUCE!

OOOPS! WE RAN INTO A TRAP!

OKAY, FELLAS! I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING TO TAME YOU... NOW I'M TRYING THIS!

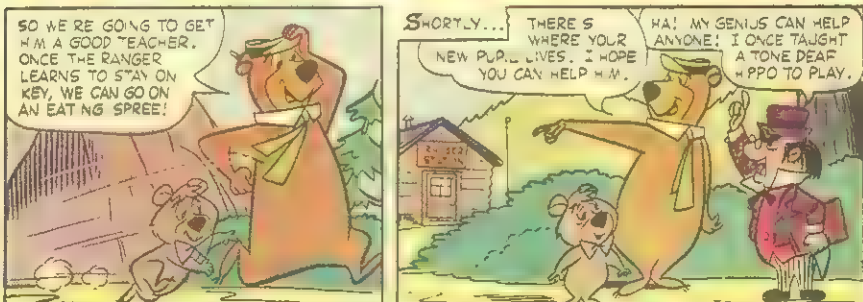
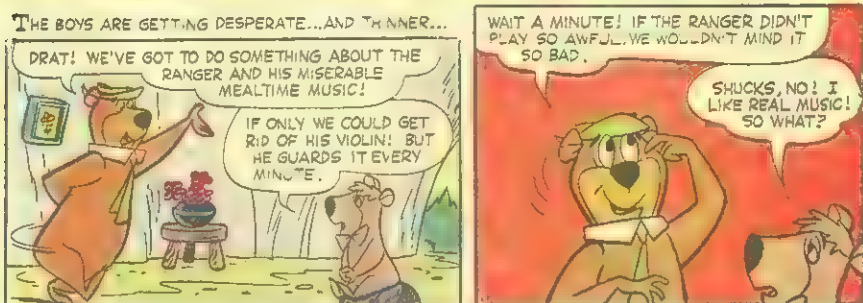
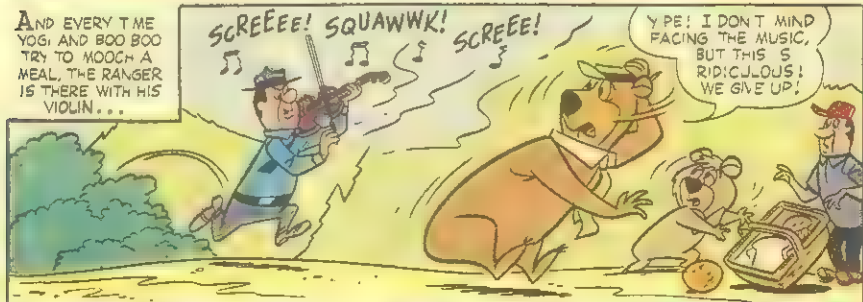
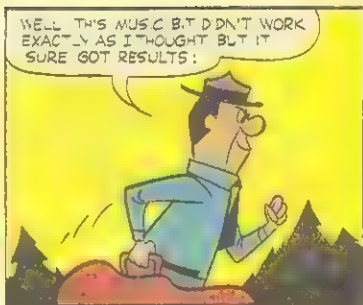
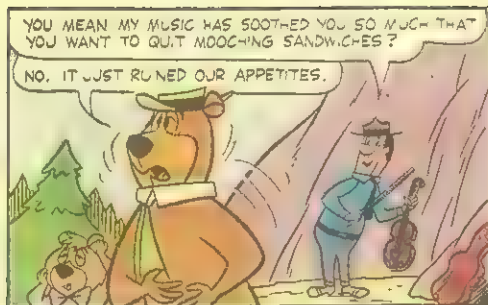
THEY SAY MUSIC SOOTHES THE SAVAGE BEAST... HERE'S HOPING IT WORKS ON YOUR SAVAGE APPETITES!

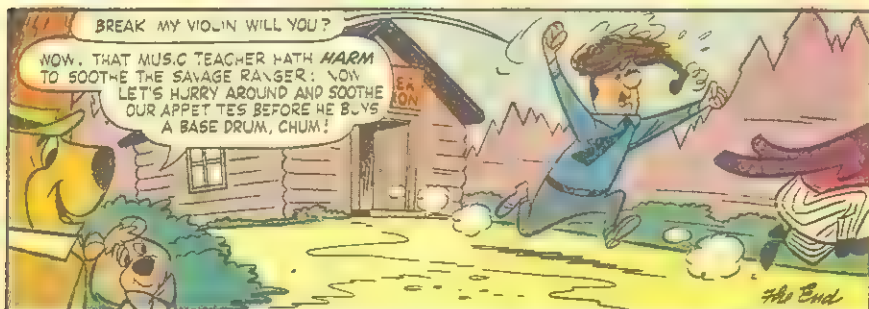
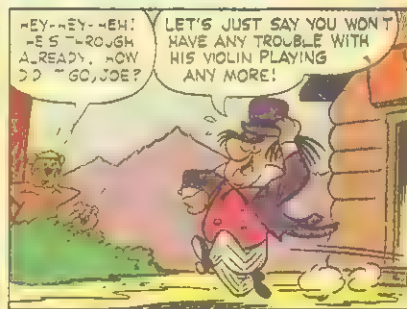
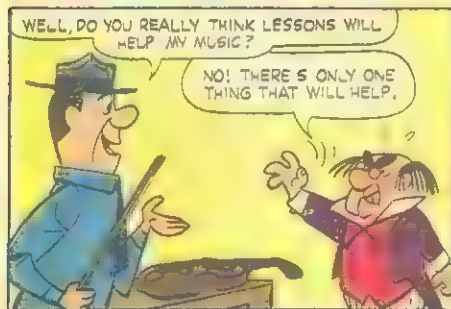
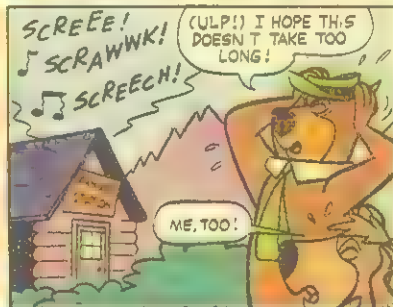
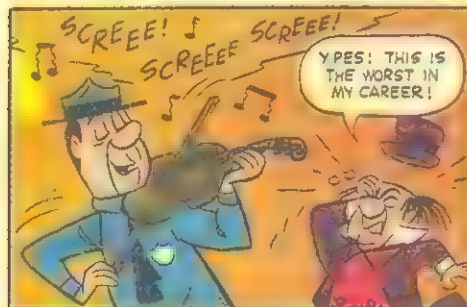
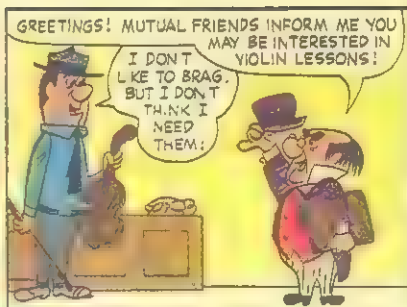
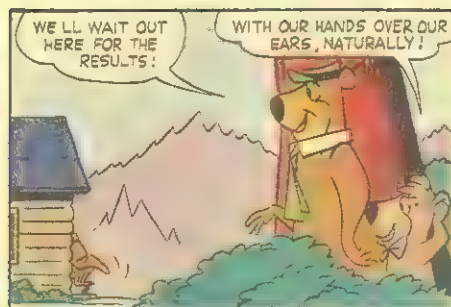
SCREEE!
SCHWARRK!
SCREEE!

YOU KNOW, I ALMOST WISH IT WAS A GUN, SON!

SCREEE!

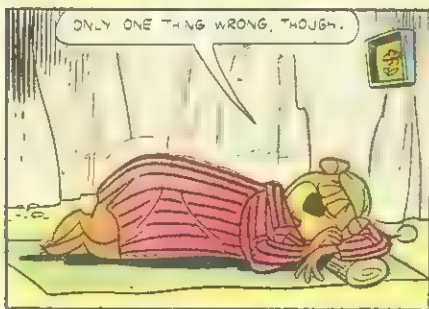
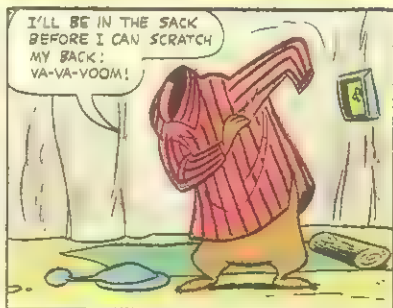
WAIT! WE GIVE UP! WE PROMISE TO BE GOOD IF YOU STOP THE MUSIC!

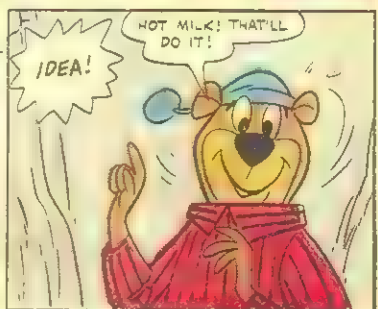
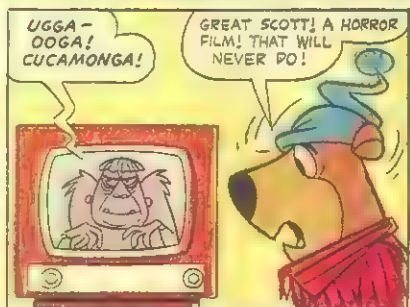
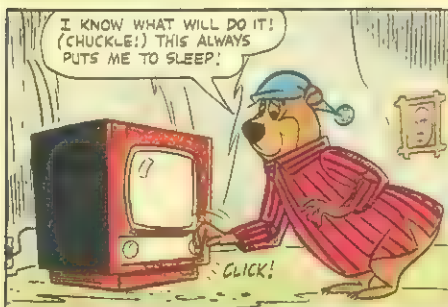
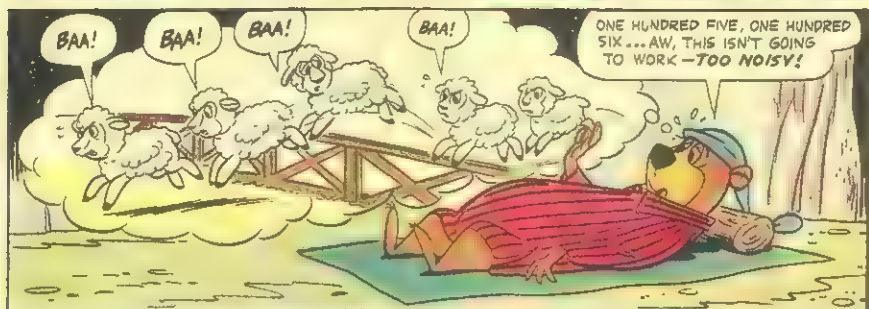
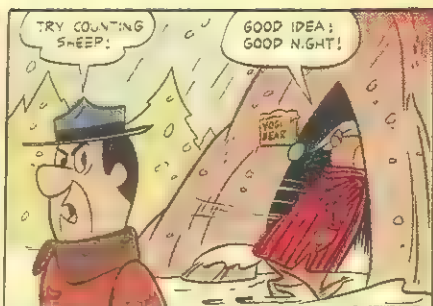
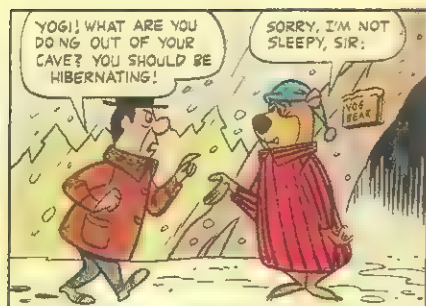


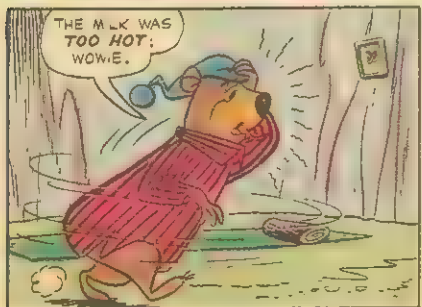
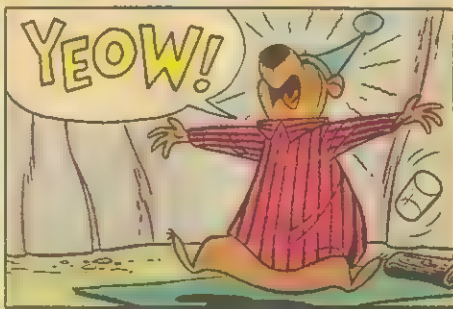
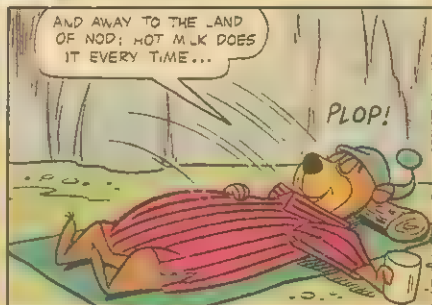
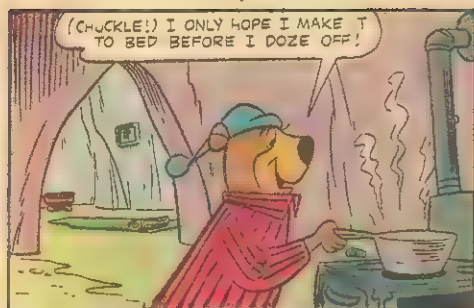


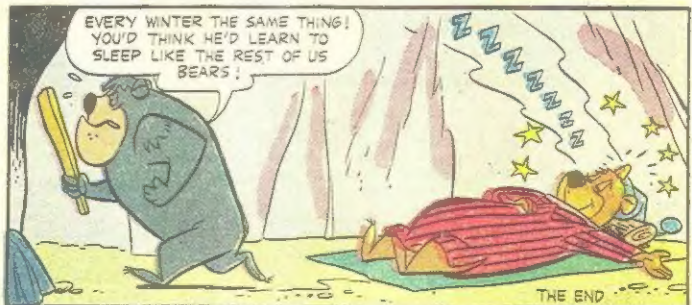
Yogi Bear

GETTING HIS WINKS











STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (74 Stat. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Yogi Bear published bi-monthly at New York, N.Y., for October 1, 1961.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.; Managing editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

2. The owner is: Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.; Estate of Margarita E. Delacorte, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities

are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 450,400.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER,
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1961.

(Seal) JOHN C. WEBER
(My commission expires March 30, 1962)

Yogi Bear

LUMBER JERK

UH, HOLD IT, HOLD IT,
YOUNG VISITOR TO
THE PARK!



NEVER, BUT NEVER,
CHOP DOWN THE
YOUNG SAPPLINGS!

SORRY!



A GOOD LUMBERJACK WILL
ALWAYS PICK ON AN OLDER
TREE...LIKE THIS ONE, FOR
INSTANCE!

THEN THERE'S
NO PROBLEM,
RIGHT?



RIGHT! UNLESS IT HAPPENS TO BE
HOLDING UP A FIRE LOOKOUT!
(GULP!) WHAT A
GOOF!

CHUCKLE!



Yogi Bear

THE LIMIT

